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JAPANESE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

SWANLEY

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THE WET SUMMER, the summer of floods and flood accidents, are terms that fitly describe the season just passed. The losses of crops of various kinds due directly or indirectly to the copious rains are very great, and it would be difficult to fully enumerate them all. The rain has prevailed in excess over all the United States east of the Mississippi River, but the greatest amount has probably fallen on the States of the Atlantic coast. The grain crops have been much injured before they could be secured, and the hay crop has suffered greatly during the process of curing. Large areas of Potatoes, Beans and Corn have been destroyed, and Potatoes are rotting badly in many localities. The growth of grass and small grains was very fine, and, notwithstanding the losses in harvesting, there will probably be a fair supply. Corn in the Middle and Eastern States will be a very short crop.

The amount of rain has been decreasingly less from the Atlantic seaboard to the west, and beyond the Mississippi River it has not been in excess; in fact, in the Territories of the northwest the grain crops have been shortened by a drought. Cabbage, Cauliflower and Celery have luxuriated in the moist regions. The most successful parties this season, in truck or vegetable growing, are those operating on well drained and well ma-

nured lands, and whose crops range over a considerable variety; in such cases the losses on some things are at least partially balanced by gains on others, whereas, those giving their whole attention to some special crop, such as Peas, Beans, Potatoes, will, in very many cases, have but little to show for their season's work.

Complaints are coming from some parts that Apples are cracking, on account of the excessive wet, and the same cause is favoring the growth and spreading of the fungus which spots the Apples. The fruit which has suffered most by the water and the moist atmosphere is the Grape. Except in the most favored localities, mildew and rot are wide spread. This applies especially to eastern and southern vineyards. The vineyards of the eastern part of this State and New Jersey, and further south, are badly affected; in the western part of New York the conditions are more favorable, especially in what are known as the best Grape localities. Vineyards that have been made in the ordinary farming regions of the State are proving the mistake of those who have taught that the vine can be profitably raised on any corn-field, and such of them as escaped, more or less, the frost of May, now have mildew and rot to contend with.

But with this month of September the fruit grower can commence again the

planting of Strawberries. Let him keep clear of low grounds, which are subject to late and early frosts. An upland or somewhat elevated site should be chosen, the land by suitable drainage be in a condition to allow an excess of water to pass through it, and by deep plowing and fine cultivation and liberal manuring be prepared to raise strong, vigorous plants. To raise Strawberries successfully and to the greatest advantage, all the conditions should be favorable. High cultivation gives the best profits. The plants, if well set this month, will make sufficient growth to winter well, especially if mulched with straw before winter fully sets in. As for varieties to plant, it is impossible to give a single variety, or even a number of varieties, that would be best over a large region. The Strawberry appears to be greatly affected by the character of soil it grows on, and a variety that will do well and make profitable returns in one place may be nearly, or quite, a failure in some other. The cultivation of this fruit is now so wide spread that in most localities one can avail himself of the experience of his neighbors to advantage. Nothing can be more contradictory than the opinions of Strawberry growers in different places in regard to the "best variety." The fact is, there is no best variety for general cultivation. The variety that has been most wide spread, and most nearly entitled to this distinction is Wilson's Albany, and it holds its prominence to-day as a profitable fruit, with many cultivators. The next most popular variety, of later introduction, has been the Crescent. But in selecting a variety for planting for market purposes, regard must be had to the demands of the market it is to be disposed in, and especially to the distance to which it is to be sent. When there is a demand for fine, large fruit of high quality, neither of those above named would be suitable, and the latter cannot well be sent long journeys, as it is not firm enough. And among all the excellent varieties that are now in cultivation it would be impossible to bring forward one which has not failed in some places, or found disfavor with some and perhaps many cultivators. In this matter of Strawberry growing, every cultivator, in the selection of varieties for planting, should act upon acquired knowledge; a

variety untested by him should be planted but sparingly—let him learn the character of a variety and its behavior in his own locality before planting it for a crop. Those who raise the fruit solely for use upon their own tables have less difficulty in selection of varieties, as fine flavor is more cared for than any other quality, and such varieties as Cumberland Triumph, and Charles Downing, which succeed well over a large territory, are deservedly esteemed; with these, and for the same purpose, might also be named the Triomphe de Gand, renowned for its excellence.

The present month is the best of the whole year for making lawns. It is the proper seeding time for those numberless places all over the country where new dwellings have been erected, and the opportunity should not be lost to sow the ground this month, that is to be kept in grass. The new growth will be considerable this fall, and the roots will be ready to start early in spring. Dry weather frequently prevents a uniform growth when the seedling is left until spring. The preparation for seeding should consist in manuring well with good stable manure, and plowing or digging it in, and mellowing and fining the surface soil, and grading it carefully. Kentucky Blue Grass, or a lawn grass mixture, should be sowed at the rate of four bushels to the acre. There is often a misunderstanding in the purchase of grass seed, from the fact that, although it is quoted by the bushel, it is never sold by measure, but by weight, fourteen pounds being considered a bushel in the case of either lawn grass, Kentucky Blue Grass, or Red Top, as well as some other varieties. Twelve, thirteen and fifteen pounds are respectively considered the bushel measure of some varieties, and Timothy seed runs forty-five pounds to the bushel. All grass seed is, however, sold by weight and never by measure.

House plants that have been planted out in the garden, or that have been plunged, will need to be taken in some time during the month, according to the state of the weather. Callas that have been planted out, or kept dry in their pots, should be repotted in rich, light soil. As early as they can be procured the Dutch bulbs, such as Hyacinths,

Tulips, Crocus, Snowdrops, Ixias, &c., intended for blooming in the window or greenhouse should be potted and set in a cool, dark place for the roots to develop before bringing them to the light.

Chrysanthemums that have been grown in the open ground should be lifted and potted. It is a good plan to cut around all plants growing in the borders that are to be lifted, some ten days or a fortnight before removal. With a sharp knife or a sharp spade cut around the plant, severing all the roots beyond a certain distance, leaving a ball of suitable size for the pot it is to be placed in. The effect of this root-pruning is to leave a ball of soil of proper size for potting, outside of

which will be formed a mass of young roots all ready to take hold quickly when the plant is potted.

Geraniums, Carnations, Bouvardias, Stevias, Lobelias, Begonias, Abutilons, and many other species of plants will demand similar attention. Pansies and Violets that are expected to be wintered in frames, and give some bloom in the cool season, can be placed in position in frames this month, where they will get established before cold weather sets in.

Spinach seed for the spring crop can be sowed any time during the month. Many other kinds of work might be mentioned that will require attention during the next few weeks.

DWARF EVERGREENS.

The dwarf Conifers fill a place in ornamental planting that no other plants can, and their merits entitle them to more attention and use than has yet been given them by planters generally. The term, dwarf, when applied to this class of trees may not be wholly comprehended without some qualifying remarks. Absolute sizes cannot be specified to mark the distinctions, but in some genera comparative sizes must be considered, and in others the mode of growth rather than the height makes the term, dwarf, appropriate. In a general way, our cultivated varieties of evergreens may be designated as tall, low-growing and dwarf. Those which are tall are appropriately planted on spacious grounds, the low-growing on those of smaller extent, and the dwarf on either, only there must be a careful discrimination of varieties for the various places they are to occupy. Probably this will be better understood by reference to the engraving on the next page, where, in the foreground, may be seen an illustration of a variety of *Pinus Mugho*. This dwarf-growing plant spreads its branches out over the surface of the ground, occupying an area of ten feet or more in diameter. Thus, though dwarf, it occupies considerable ground room, and can suitably be planted only where there is a generous space about it. That the term dwarf is fitly applied to this variety is very apparent when it is compared, not only in size but in mode of growth, to the Scotch Pine, a portion

of one of which is seen at the left. Most, or all, of the Conifers require several years to attain approximately their full size, and during their early years even those which grow the largest can be planted appropriately on small spaces. This implies, of course, that they shall be cut away as soon as they overrun and cover instead of ornamenting the spaces they occupy. It is the danger that the cutting out will not be done that makes horticulturists disinclined to advise the stronger growing varieties to be used while young on small places, but rather to select low-growing and small kinds for small places, otherwise the tall-growing Spruces and Pines might be employed when young very generally on small as well as on large places. In the case of the Norway Spruce this is done, for it is so hardy and shapely it is preferred by most persons to any other evergreen. So, even on a small breadth of ground this dwarf Pine might be used for a few years, and it would appear well, but in time it would overrun and be anything but an ornament. A spreading evergreen is particularly desirable in winter and appears to best advantage at that season when the ground is covered with snow; it breaks the uniform white surface, and both its outline and its color are in strong and pleasing contrast to the general surface.

A variety of *Pinus Mugho*, called *rotundata*, grows upright and makes a small tree some eight or ten feet in height, and

can very usefully be employed with taller evergreens. Some species and varieties of Juniper exhibit the spreading habit of growth in a very pleasing manner, and one of the best of them is *Juniperus sabina*. Its height is from two to three feet, but it continues to grow and spread laterally for fifteen or twenty years, eventually covering a space of twelve or fifteen feet in diameter. During the early years of its growth it covers the ground compactly, but when full grown becomes somewhat open in the center. The color is a dark green, and, in winter especially, appears to excellent advantage. Often a small or narrow space needs something to furnish it,



A DWARF PINE.

and this Juniper finds there a fitting place. There is one variety of this *Sabina*, called *alpina*, which is still more dwarf, and another known as the tamarisk-leaved, *tamaricifolia*, also trailing, with distinct and handsome leafage. All the above are natives of the mountainous regions of southern Europe, but are quite hardy here.

Juniperus prostrata is a species found in the northern and northwestern part of this country, and is a good variety for rockwork and borders.

A dwarf variety of our native *J. communis*, or *Canadensis*, is an excellent and useful plant. *J. squamata* is a hardy dwarf species from the Himalayas, with bright green foliage; spreads over a large surface.

All of these spreading and trailing evergreens, it will be seen, have a character peculiar to themselves, and in striking contrast to upright growing trees, and in many a spot they can be skilfully employed, and will present a feature of rare and unexpected beauty.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT LAWNS.

NUMBER I.

In the matter of lawns, I want particularly to speak of the homely grass patches about the farm and suburban houses of people of moderate means, and to suggest simple ways of caring for and improving them at a small expense. And, first, about the grass—the peculiar feature of a lawn—June Grass, Kentucky Blue Grass (*Poa pratensis*), is distinctively the American lawn grass. It is really more than that, for anywhere north of the Gulf States we would have to fight hard to prevent this persistent and beautiful grass from taking possession of any spot where we could not subject it to the plow. I know of only one grass that can hold its own on a dry, light soil, such as is everywhere common, and when possible is preferred for the site of dwellings, against the June Grass. Orchard Grass spreads only by seeding, as it has no running root-stocks, but a tuft of it once in possession, cannot be killed out by the crowding of other grasses. Such a tuft it is almost impossible to run a lawn mower over, and to dispose of it effectually the spade must be resorted to. On a close sod of June Grass, however, it is difficult for the light seeds of Orchard Grass to get a hold.

As June Grass will take possession at last, and is really the best grass, and the only one that will hold on where the soil is light and there is much treading, it might be and has been said, that we should sow it alone. Yet, though so persistent and prevailing, June Grass starts rather weakly, and I believe that the ordinary lawn mixtures are best, although only White Clover (and Dandelion) will long remain where June Grass has a chance to spread.

But in order to have a good lawn quickly in a dry soil, the ground must be enriched and well plowed. To avoid weed seeds, this enriching had best be done with ground bone, sown on the furrow at the rate of eight or ten pounds to the square rod. Along with this, either good wood ashes in about double the quantity, or muriate of potash in the same quantity, is necessary. It is worth taking considerable time and trouble, when preparing to seed, to get the ground level, or evenly graded, as de-

pressions are not only unsightly, but as they collect water they are usually weedy spots. After plowing, harrow well, sow the seed and “board down” the surface in the ordinary way in which gardens are smoothed for fine seeds. Then keep off the surface until the grass is large enough to be safely walked upon.

A well set lawn will not get weedy if frequently mown, yet it may be mown too frequently for the good of the grass. Around the doors, where there is much treading, Plantain and Door-weed, *Polygonum aviculare*, are sure to appear. These may be fought away in nicely kept grounds; but I am not at all averse to them about the farm-house doors, or those of plain suburban places. The Door-weed, or Knotweed, as some call it, seems to me well suited to the very place it takes. Plantain, especially where it grows very rank, is not exactly nice, yet it is better than bare ground, and that is what would be there, usually. Still, if one has time to fight the Plantain, and let the Door-weed take its place, so far as it will, it is better to do so. But the Indians show their usual shrewd observation when they call Plantain “the white man’s foot.”

After a lawn has been neatly leveled, sown, and become well set in grass, the main point is its preservation. This is in no way difficult, if frequent applications of fertilizers are made, and severe wear is not allowed in particular spots, for games or otherwise. Though fine bone is the best to seed down with when it is harrowed into the soil, it is of little or no use when sown upon the grass. Instead of that, a good complete fertilizer, using about five pounds to the square rod, once in a season, after the first spring mowing, will keep it up. An odorless brand is to be preferred. Wood ashes alone will keep up the grass for some time; but when this is used it is well to apply some nitrous fertilizer occasionally, say a pound of nitrate of soda to the rod, when and where the grass lacks greenness.

At another time I will say something about the planting of trees and shrubbery on this class of lawns, where not much expense can be incurred.

T. H. HOSKINS, M. D., *Orleans Co., Vt.*

BIGNONIA RADICANS.

In late summer time, before the woods and hills have yet felt the cool breath of autumn, come the splendid blossoms of the Scarlet Trumpet Flower, as if holding themselves in readiness to usher in, with fitting blasts, the brightest pageant of the year.

In the warm, sandy soil of every river valley, festooned over broken fences, gateways and gnarled old Water Birches, hang these royal trumpets, swaying and bending their sinewy, elastic stems, under the weight of their own rich heaviness. The flowers are about three inches long, of a deep orange-scarlet; the substance of the flowers being thick, waxen and glossy, the trumpet flaring widely to show a yellowish throat and slender anthers, pollen-tipped. Handsome foliage, of a rich, dark



TRUMPET CREEPER—BIGNONIA RADICANS— $\frac{1}{2}$ NATURAL SIZE.

green, with a glossy, shining surface, and buds even more handsome than the flowers, together with its perfect hardiness and adaptability to almost all soils and situations, make up an array of good points equaled by few of our climbers, and, perhaps, surpassed by none.

Although, when growing wild, it seems to prefer a sandy soil and the neighborhood of a stream, I have found no difficulty in transplanting it to many different soils and situations, but know that in full sun and sandy soil its splendor is greatest.

A summer house covered with this Trumpet Creeper and a white Clematis is very much admired. Both bloom at the same time, and the contrast between the starry white sprays and the clusters of dark, heavy, scarlet flowers is most striking. Later on, the Bignonia's scarlet buds nestle amidst the creamy down of the Clematis' seed-vessels very lovingly.

In a few years the woody stems of the climber become very thick and shrubby, and the plant can be trained quite easily into shrub form by repeatedly cutting it back. The flowers and young shoots, of course, retain their drooping appearance, giving the plant the more grace.

I have seen this native grown in greenhouses, beside many tropical strangers, but never beside one compared with which it appeared at a disadvantage.

L. GREENLEE.

DISTANT HILLS.

An expanse of prosaic farming country piled into hills, hardly one thousand feet above the main valleys; ranges and groups of gently rounded forms, the crests often nearly level for long distances, patched over with forest and cleared land, not more than forty miles across at the widest, only this; but what endless beauty and variety are born of the day-dawn and sunset, cloud and sun, mist and moonlight, and all the pictures of cloudland. The large effects of the sunlight slanting through broken clouds, lighting up miles of country, while great areas close beside are in the shadow, the processions of vast masses of cumulus that march along the horizon, the mellow haze through which the farther ranges show the faintest outlines from out, apparently, immeasurable distance, and all the variety of their aspects diminishes or destroys the merely human interest. I hardly realize them as the homes of so many people, even while seeing such multitudes of plowed fields every year, and the specks, I know, are buildings.

There is a charm in their perennial calm and silence; the wind struggles and roars in the trees near by, dragging itself through them with vast effort, and filling all the sky with its rushing, but the hills are utterly still; it requires a distinct effort to imagine the same motion and clamor upon them, and when the air vibrates with bird songs or the shrilling of insects, it seems almost incredible that the same chorus is going on all over yonder blue mass, running its long slopes so smooth and still into the quiet sky, where the clouds, however fast, overhead have lost all apparent motion.

On rare occasions the hills are hard and sharp and clear to the farthest verge, but soon a purple or milky haze softens their outlines again, blending field and forest or blotting out the more distant ones entirely; they are then mere accessories of my own landscape, a frame for the picture of the sunrise. There are plenty of rough, stony fields where the weeds are growing over there, and no doubt the farmers are all grumbling; but these things concern me not at all. I see only the level light broadcasted over the valleys, seeming to fill them

with a thick dust through which the peaks and crests are just visible, range beyond range, while they are much clearer away from the sun. It would be exasperating to live in a level land, where a tight board fence or a low hedge a few rods away bounds the world, to me, at least, and a trough-like valley bottom is only something of an improvement on this, at any rate, the latter must be most picturesque in detail to atone for its lack of sky and distant horizons. Such landscapes are petty, and give small sense of repose, they are only your own or your neighbors' stamping ground, a panorama of endless labor. But you have a resource in a vast ring of hills, soft and blue and dim in the distance when the sun scalds and the thistles prick; there is rest and relief in the sight of that mighty circle when hurried and worried by the infinite cares of the farmer's life, and you need not remember that the tender tints are all in your own eyes; a sense of dreamy leisure comes from thence, your momentary annoyance is of less account in the face of their stability and duration. And after all, what you see has no real existence, the form there against the sky is not the reality. Go to the place, and you are lost in a maze of valleys and woods and farms, the peak that dominates two or three townships is one of a crowd of others, great plains and valleys that your eye stepped across, unconscious of their existence, open before you, you have lost the old point of view and the new one has not unity or coherence to you.

One becomes somewhat familiar with the hills in the course of a lifetime, but light and shade can sometimes surprise the oldest inhabitant. Thus, one day of storm and darkness, such a powerful flood of sunshine suddenly lit up a certain summit, just visible over nearer hills, that I was well nigh convinced I had never seen it before; but it has remained ever since, so, probably, it was always there.

Some still, clear morning, with a red sun flushing all the higher levels, the smooth mist in the valleys have much the look of a quiet lake, soon it rises until the crests become purple islands in a snow-white sea, and far vistas open and close with every movement of the cur-

tain, until the sun burns through everywhere, and the fresh, new morning is over.

How grand the march of the summer showers, which often move to the assault *en échelon*, a great cloud, pouring its burden beyond the farthest verge, sweeps along the northern horizon. Soon a nearer one blots out some of the hills with a thick veil of rain, making the sky begin in a new place; finally, we get a deluge of our own. The eye takes in the whole of the smaller showers, the dark shadow of the sagging cloud that leads the advance, the sheet of rain and the still sunlight creeping on from summit to summit, brightening the earth and shining through the thin clouds lying in the track of the storm. Thus, seeing from

year to year the breadth and dignity given to my landscape by this outlook, though really so tame and habitable and spotted all over with winter wheat and potato fields, I can only dream of what it must be to look upon the snows of Tacoma, or the clustering peaks of Colorado, not with the hurried glance of the jaded tourist, whose feet must move on even as he surveys the scene, but through the years of a life-long companionship, to see the dawning and fading light flush them at every season, to watch all their moods, and gain weather wisdom from their changing aspects, so wild, so grand, and so eternal. Who, having thus known them, could ever again consent to be bounded by near objects on a level plain!

E. S. GILBERT, *Canaseraga, N. Y.*

"YOUNG JAMAICA."

I have been a constant subscriber to VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE for many years, and am so accustomed to look for its arrival, about the middle of each month, that I now consider it nothing less than a part and portion of my existence, as it is my only source of information and guidance in times of trouble and adversity. Now my mind has been much perplexed of late about the whys and wherefores and the contrariety of things in general in Jamaica, that I don't know if I can do better than make an open confession; in the consolation and faith it may be as bread cast upon the waters.

Although I am not a native myself, I presume that should be no excuse why I should follow the example of many other acclimated aliens, button up my pockets and hum "Rule Britannia;" but then, my purse is an empty one, and this has considerable to do with it. However, there will not be much harm done in my having a little chat "over the friendly pages of the MAGAZINE," with some of the enterprising and energetic market gardeners, who are striving so hard for a living, against such an enormous competition as there is in America and elsewhere; nor would it be fair to the MAGAZINE, or to its numerous subscribers in Jamaica, if we did not contribute our share, and have a word or two to say in it about our own affairs, now and then, and try to do

the best we can to improve them, even if it is only in the encouragement of others.

Now, no one can deny that young Jamaica is holding its own equally as well as many other more advanced and progressive countries, for among the many fully established improvements we have had lately may be mentioned, telegraphic and telephonic communication, extensions of the railway to Ewarton and Porus, a weekly coastal steam service, a weekly parcel post to and from America, an enormous and extensive fruit trade, the Jamaica street car company, an American hotel company, a wagonette and express company, steam laundries, several fruit companies, the establishment of headquarters for Her Majesty's troops stationed in the West Indies, and the Jamaica railway, with the view of its further extension on the eve of being sold to an American syndicate, and various other blessings, too numerous to mention here.

With all these unmistakable signs of rapid progress, it will scarcely be credited that we are importing vegetables from America, yet such is the veritable fact, and Kingston positively supplies the interior market. But why should this be so? QUASHIE will tell you, "can't grow um, sah." Nay, my honest friend and brother, that won't do; lift up thine eyes, look and behold, even at this moment, not six miles hence, in thy neighbor's

vineyard, is a bed of over two hundred Cabbages which would put to shame any that ever grew in England or America; look at the luscious Strawberries growing wild, the vegetables of all descriptions, from the regal Cauliflower to the humble Irish Potato, cultivated by the troops at Newcastle for their own consumption. Stay; thou needest not take thy reluctant limbs so far. Look upon these Tomatoes, they are but poorly cultivated Mikadoes, yet they weigh from one to two pounds each; then, did you ever behold crisper Radish or firmer Lettuce than those before you. "Hi Buckra, dem dere fat fe true." And one would fain say, go, and do thou likewise. But there is a y in it, and that small y could fill volumes.

Let us take a look through the Victoria Market. Here you will see indescribable heaps of half decayed, badly grown, unwashed, untrimmed, withered and shriveled fruits and vegetables, Cabbages and Tomatoes, shelled Peas and Beans, Yams and Potatoes, Pumpkins and baskets beautifully and indiscriminately mixed together, all and everything bearing the too evident signs of having gone through precisely the same elaborate and tender care which an Expressman generally bestows with a loving epithet on a barrel of herring.

The market people will tell you that it will not pay to improve the present system, that the popular taste is for fruits and vegetables of the lowest grade only, that higher grades and more attractive arrangements would not be appreciated, and a greater delusion there could not be; surely, if it pays to import higher grades from America, it would pay a thousand times better to grow them ourselves. "No demand," indeed. Well, suppose, for argument, we say it is so, what about the hundreds of tourists we are trying to inveigle here, will they be satisfied with the low grades and cheap bargains? What about the Royal Mail Steamships, other numerous steamers and vessels of war, which leave our shores almost daily, wholly unable to procure even one day's supply of what to them are indispensable commodities? Is this state of things not worthy of some consideration, or is it at all consistent with our other improvements? Surely, "now is the accepted time."

Now, it is clearly evident that vegetables of all descriptions can be grown to perfection in Jamaica, equal to any demand, if they are grown in the several localities most suited to their nature, and that an unlimited demand for the very best is a most provoking fact, consequently there must at the present moment be great and innumerable difficulties in the path of the vegetable grower; and there is not the slightest doubt one of the principal ones in the Liguanea plains is an insufficient supply of water, and throughout the island we want cheaper, more rapid and more careful transit for our fruits and vegetables. The very fact of their perishable nature requires that they should be handled as little and as carefully as possible.

With an experience of over twenty-five years' cultivation of flowers and vegetables, I can assert most emphatically that a man with a family, a small amount of capital to purchase or lease a few acres of land in a seasonable district of the Port Royal Mountains, and an acre or so in the Liguanea plains, near to a good supply of water, a light covered spring van worked by himself, for conveying his produce daily to his own green-grocery in the city, and which we will say is presided over by some of his family, and whence he could supply the railway and the various steamers, would soon develop one of the grandest resources of the island; especially if he encouraged the cottagers residing within the radius of a mile or so all along his route to cultivate vegetables most suited to their localities, and sell the produce to him at a fair price; this the cottagers would most readily consent to, and this of itself would establish a fair supply of the choicest vegetables. Besides, he need not confine himself to vegetables alone, the materials for Mushroom-growing he can get in abundance merely for asking. Peppers for the manufacture of oil, and Cayenne he can grow, or purchase by the load. I would not recommend him to calculate per units, price per quart.

Should any of my readers desire to know more about Jamaica, its delightful sceneries and climate, a fair description will be found in the *MAGAZINE* for April, 1886, also in a later number, and I now close for the present, with the assurance and steadfast, firm belief that the various

other resources of this beautiful garden of Eden, now lying dormant await only the arrival of the coming man to spring

into life and activity, and reward him bountifully for his enterprise and industry.

WM. SPECK, *Half Way Tree, Jamaica.*

HOW BERRIES ARE GATHERED.

I wonder how many readers of the MAGAZINE have anything but the most vague ideas of how the berries that gladden the summer months are gathered and sent to market. I am often asked by ladies, as I am delivering berries, "How do you manage to pick them?" Or, "Isn't it an awful tiresome job to pick Strawberries?" Or, "Doesn't your family get all tired out picking berries?" So, I judge that many berry eaters have very uncertain information as to this matter.

When I first began to grow berries to sell, there was not a very extended market, nor any of the present conveniences. I knew two or three berry-growers, and they marketed their berries in tin pans, wooden pails, and even in the heavy stone three or four-gallon crocks, in which butter is packed. The year before I began commercial fruit-growing, the man from whom I got my first Wilson Strawberry plants, got two cases of newly invented berry boxes from New Jersey. The cases were as large as a carpenter's tool chest, and held, if I remember right, three tiers of eighteen quart baskets each. The baskets were like Delaware Peach baskets, with a tin rim around the edge, and set close together on the chest. A thin board rested on these, then another tier, and on these still another, covered by the lid. The baskets flared a good deal around the top, making a good deal of waste room around the bottom, and they were deep enough to hold a quart when not quite full. This was so the shelf above would not mash the berries, but it gave a half filled appearance to the basket that had to be explained to every customer. When rounded up the baskets held about three pints. The whole arrangement was clumsy and expensive, but I got from them the idea of separate quart packages for berries, and the great advantage it had over the mussy bulk system then in vogue. The next winter I made, of thin lumber, one hundred boxes to set in cases that would just set in behind the

seat of a one horse buggy that I had. In this way I carried berries two years, when I learned of the gift box, just invented, and ordered one thousand of them in the flat, costing five dollars. These boxes were broad and shallow, with flat bottoms resting on beveled racks that set on the tier below.

Every time the box was lifted, when full of berries, it would sag, and then bend back when set down, and this mused and jammed the berries, and I was very glad when the boxes, like the Hallock, that had raised bottoms, came into use. Thoughtless people think these boxes are made in this way to cheat in measure, but the fact is, the dry measure boxes hold a full quart, the bottom being extra space given to permit the box to rest on the one below. The Hallock box which I now use is a wonder of compactness and lightness. A sixteen quart case weighs, when filled with empty boxes, but five pounds, and measures eight by ten and one-half inches by twenty-one inches. The defects of this package are want of ventilation in boxes, and an elasticity of sides and bottoms that permits easy settling down of the berries and causes mold in hot, damp weather. For long carriage the little flaring square baskets are superior, and berries show better in them.

At first, I picked my own berries, as my neighbors were all well to do Yankee farmers, whose children could not be hired. About the time I had increased my plantation beyond my ability to pick alone, a family moved into the neighborhood from Pennsylvania, with several grown up daughters. They had picked wild berries on the hills of the upper Susquehanna, and learning that I had berries to pick, proposed to do it on shares. This I did not care to have done, but I finally hired them at one cent a quart, and they earned from sixty to eighty cents per day, boarding themselves. They were excellent, careful pickers, and this was a very fortunate time in my berry experience, as Straw-

berries brought from eighteen to twenty-two cents per quart, and Raspberries from fourteen to eighteen cents.

I celebrated the centennial year by putting out an extra sized Strawberry patch, tended with extra care, and was rewarded with a good season and a fine crop of nearly two hundred bushels in 1877. The prospect of this crop or more than double what I had previously grown made a good deal of planning and scheming necessary on the part of my wife and myself to get ready for them. I engaged a young man, a drug clerk out of a job, to act as foreman, at seventy-five cents per day and board, and got fifteen pickers, boys and girls, from a village three and one-half miles away. My foreman proved very energetic, and would get up at four o'clock in the morning and sort out and repair the boxes, and get things ready for the pickers, who often got there before six o'clock in the morning, ambitious and anxious to begin.

The season was a cold, rainy one, and the pickers would often get drenched, and then we would have them huddled around the kitchen stove, shivering and steaming until the weather cleared up, when they would go at it again.

At that time a cent a quart was the price for picking, and even then some of the boys would earn over a dollar in a day. Each picker has a peck basket in which two boxes are placed, and when filled it is the foreman's place to give tickets and see that the berries are properly picked. It is no inconsiderable job to watch a dozen boys and girls, to see

that they do not get down on their knees and that they pick clean. If the weather is too hot or too cold, or the picking slow, the children must be coaxed and encouraged, and sometimes with the best of management it is impossible to get all the berries picked at the right time.

The grower of such perishable articles as berries is subject to a constant nervous strain while the season lasts, and should, in the nature of things, be better remunerated than the stolid laborer or the producer of non-perishable products. Some fruit-growers are so happily situated that they can employ women as pickers, and then there is no need of foreman or tickets, as each picker can keep her own accounts, and pick in separate crates, subject to inspection at noon or night.

The trouble with children is generally lack of mature judgment, but some are tricky and dishonest. Most every extensive fruit-grower is subject to strikes when the picking gets poor, and I have found it best to have a contract with their parents, subject to penalty if broken. This is enforced by withholding pay until the close of the season, with forfeiture of a portion if contract is broken.

I once visited a large berry-growing firm, near Philadelphia, who had erected a cheap two-story barrack of twelve rooms, where were housed their sixty pickers. They cooked for themselves on an old stove in the open air, and the escape from the hot city to the open fields and profitable employment was a rare picnic to them.

L. B. PIERCE.

FLOWERS TO GIVE AWAY.

For one reason or another the majority of flower users are not flower raisers, and necessarily the few must supply the many. In the city or large town all can procure their needed flowers from professional florists, but in many smaller places there is no small demand constantly being made on the amateur who raises choice flowers. It is a real pleasure to give one's pretty town girls the dainty corsage bouquets they ask for, and each Sunday morning to supply the neighbor's children with their little button-hole bouquets. It is gratifying to one's pride to have a dozen or more persons call each

day "just to see the flowers," quite expecting and, in fact, receiving a nosegay each, and it is almost a privilege to send flowers to adorn the bride, or to place on the bosom of the dead; yet if all these flowers, for these varied purposes, must be furnished by one, that person must use some forethought, or else see his or her flower bed robbed of half of their beauty.

For general cutting there is nothing better than a large bed of choicest perennials. Not such short lived flowers as Sweet Williams and Aquilegias, that bloom two or three weeks, and then sulk

the rest of the year, but profuse and long continued bloomers, like the Perennial Phlox, with its large panicles of every shade of white, rose and purple; the Delphinium formosum, with spikes of deepest blue; the graceful Canterbury Bell, and the curiously spotted Foxglove, long spikes of which are almost as effective for bouquet making as the Gladiolus; the Hollyhock and the new Helianthus, while rather large-flowered, for many purposes are invaluable. The list might be lengthened, but could not well be shortened, where many flowers are needed. My own rule is to draw largely upon the perennial bed for the many bouquets I daily give, always adding to each a choice flower or two from the more prominent beds on the lawn, which are thus not robbed of their beauty by over much cutting. I often think that one choice Rose, with its setting of green leaves, or fine Lily or Gladiolus, chosen as a center to the smaller and more modest perennials, makes a handsomer bouquet than a more ambitious one made wholly of large and vivid flowers, which is apt to look too flaunting and gay.

All who do much arranging of flowers, know the two greatest obstacles to be overcome are a stiff formality and unharmonizing colors. Flowers, however arranged, need a soft, graceful appearance, and to obtain this effect there must be an abundance of fine foliage, and, if possible, soft, feathery sprays of bloom. The fern-like leaves of the Bleeding Heart are very pretty, but wilt easily. Perhaps nothing is more beautiful for trimming bouquets than the leaves of scented Geraniums, which should be raised in quantity for that purpose. One of the best things in the leaf line is Honeysuckle aurea reticulata, with its

finely colored sprays of leaves of inimitable grace. I rarely use cut flowers for any purpose without using some of this beautiful vine. For imparting delicacy to a bouquet, nothing can equal soft, spray-like flowers, of which the number is quite limited. Among the best of these are the Spiræas, *S. palmata*, *S. Billardi* and *S. Japonica*. The Ageratum and Eupatorium, too, are useful, with their "fluffy" blossoms. So, also, is the *Bocconia Japonica*, which is well worth giving some out-of-the-way corner, for its heads of mist-like blooms, which are the prettiest in the bud, looking then like milk-white beads.

For corsage bouquets one must provide plenty of Roses, Geraniums and Gladiolus. I think the loveliest corsage bouquet I ever saw was made of creamy Marie Lemoine Gladiolus, with their crimson-pink blotches, arranged with Pepper Geranium leaves and sprays of the Golden-yellow Honeysuckle. For button-hole bouquets one need never lack material, with Rose buds, Ageratum and Forget-me-not.

Judging by myself, nothing is harder to supply than appropriate flowers for the dead. As a rule, sweet-scented flowers, white, lavender and purple are suitable for all. For an elderly person, bunches of snow white and jet black Pansies, tied with white ribbon, look well. For babies, I like to use white flowers finished with waxy coral sprays of *Begonia rubra*, or pink Fuchsias.

We do not like to refuse our flowers to our friends. Let us, then, plant to keep and to give away, being assured that none will give more pleasure than those we give to beautify, cheer and comfort others.

MRS. LORA S. LA MANCE.

A GOOD BORDER PLANT.

It is now some years since, wandering through the flower market of a city, I saw a whole dray load of the modest little plant called Thrift, or Mountain Pink, cut in solid blocks, like so many bricks, and piled up in white and pink masses to attract the notice of the passer-by. It being then in May, and the plant in full bloom, I doubted my ability to transport it successfully over the dis-

tance I should have to go to reach my home; yet succeeded admirably in growing it, with some protection from the sun and wind for a few days.

Since that time I have come to value it truly as deserving a place in every garden, to be grown either as a border plant or in solid masses, and for use in cemetery lots it is most effective. All my beds in the garden are bordered with it, and it

serves a double purpose here—to hold the ground in place, and be an ever present delight to the eye when in bloom. It is a low, grassy plant, easily grown, but should be transplanted as early in the spring as the ground can be worked, and the smallest sprigs grow readily. It soon thickens, and will have to be trimmed in at the edges in a year or two, if used for bordering. The delicate, Phlox-like flowers cover so thickly the grassy foliage beneath that scarcely any green is seen when in full bloom, but only a mass of bloom, and it is quite fragrant. To plant in blocks of white and pink, alternating the one color with the other, makes a fine display, or to plant in solid color.

On the lawn a place may be set apart for it, where it will delight the eye amidst the closely shaven green of the grass about it, and it will flourish quite as well. I have seen it upon mounds and in great squares; thus used and it was always effective. My own garden has furnished many another with it, while my delight in it is yearly increasing. I do not think it is as generally known or grown as it should be, but this I do know, that if the owner once has it he is sure to keep it, or get it again if lost.

It is in full bloom in May for some two weeks or more, and in some seasons will bloom at intervals nearly all summer, though not so freely as in May.

H. K.

WHAT THE POET READS.

The eyes of the poet are busy,
And will be, evermore,
In reading what Nature has written
In her books of wonderful lore;
Her books of the forest and mountain,
The sea and the wreck-strewn shore.

Now he reads over an idyl
Of peace in the meadow fair—
A poem set to the music
He hears in earth and air,
Forgetting that life has trouble
And human hearts have care.

Then he turns the pages over,
And between them leaves a flower,
And reads in the mountain's epic
Such thoughts of mighty power
That they haunt him with their greatness
For many and many an hour.

He sits down by the ocean,
And reads in the pages there
Of vain regrets and longings,
Of losses and despair,
And of the wearisome burdens
Earth's children have to bear.

Then he sees a little flower
That in autumn seems to die,
But lives again in the gladness
Of April's air and sky,
And it seems the sweetest poem
That gladdens the poet's eye.

The promise of Heaven's springtime,
To all the souls of men,
Is symbolized in this frail flower
That dies to live again;
And his heart, like the flower, looks upward,
And questions, softly, "When?"

EBEN E. REXFORD.



FOREIGN NOTES.

SHIRLEY POPPIES.

This beautiful strain of Poppies finds many admirers. A correspondent of a late number of the *Journal of Horticulture* thus writes of them :

"Poppies are most interesting in their forms and colors, easy to grow, and do not require much space or attention. They are effective in a cut state either in large masses by themselves or with other flowers. The most beautiful are those known by the name of the 'Shirley' Poppies, raised by the Rev. W. WILKS, of Shirley Vicarage, Croydon, who has obtained a diversity of colors without the black spot at the base of each petal. Amongst many seedlings I fail to find two flowers alike; they range in color from a brilliant scarlet to the faintest blush and pure white. The soft forms of rose and pink are exquisite. Some red varieties have a pure white edge, and others graduate from a deep rose to a faint pink, while those which are characterized by blotches on the petals are not the least showy. All possess that rounded form so much admired, the petals being entirely free from serration. In no way in a cut state do they show to the same advantage as when arranged in a tall glass of any shape. The base should have a setting of foliage which will hang over the sides of the glass, then place the Poppies in lightly with long stems, associate with them a few long feathery grasses, and nothing more is needed to set them off. I find they are best cut when the flowers are fully expanded; the stems are then more firm and matured, while the petals are fully developed. In this manner they last from twenty-four to thirty-six hours in good condition. If they are cut too early and before the stems are hardened they droop directly. When cutting the blooms have a vessel containing water alongside, place the stems into the water immediately, which prevents the end being sealed over by the milky sap exuding; in this manner they are able to absorb more moisture, and consequently last a longer time.

"The best mode of cultivating Poppies is by making three sowings in the place where they are to flower, as they cannot be transplanted readily, especially if the weather be hot and dry. If of necessity any plants are treated in this manner with a view to fill gaps in the rows or beds, cover the plants with an inverted pot during the bright part of the day. Transplant them in a young state, and in showery weather, if possible. Make the first sowing in October, choosing a warm sheltered position. Plants from this sowing will flower at the end of May. The second sowing should be made the first week in March to flower the middle of June, while a later sowing may be made about the middle of April, when a continuance of bloom may be assured. I sow them in different positions, such as in the herbaceous and rose borders, in a bed on an east border, and in another on a warm south border which slopes toward the path. I sow the seed thinly, as sowing too thickly necessitates severe thinning of the plants, and if this is not done freely they become drawn. They should not be less than six inches apart all ways, and if a trifle more all the better."

In this country the directions in regard to sowing, given above, have only a general value. The month of October is a good time for sowing for a considerable part of the north; further south a month or six weeks later will be as well. In this climate the first spring sowing can not well be made before April, and the second in May, and even a third may be made in June, but at the south February and March and April will be seasonable.

THE CUT-LEAVED HORNBEAM.

A writer in *The Garden* has the following to say of the Cut-leaved Hornbeam :

"This hardy little tree forms a fine specimen when planted on a well kept grass lawn. It only attains a height of from ten to twenty feet under ordinary conditions, and has a well formed, nicely balanced, globular head, well furnished with finely cut, silky foliage of a light green color. For villa planting few trees

can compare with the Cut-leaved Hornbeam, whilst it is one of the very best deciduous trees for withstanding the evil effects of smoke and sulphureous vapors. The fine, ferny-looking, light green spray of its twigs and branches is very effective when produced in the vicinity of water, and for this reason planters should never hesitate to place it here and there in well chosen spots upon the banks of running streams and lakes. In addition to its beauty as a small specimen tree it can be planted with success on any class of soil, provided it is thoroughly drained and well broken up."

This tree, which is a variety, *incisa*, of the European Hornbeam, *Carpinus Betulus*, would, unquestionably, be hardy in this country; yet we do not find it offered by any of the leading nursery firms. It is probably propagated by working on *C. Betulus*; this would make it somewhat expensive, and prevent it from becoming very common. But as we have none too many kinds of low growing, hardy trees, this variety might prove very valuable for ornamental planting in many places. If any of our readers know of this tree growing in this country, or can give any information in regard to it, it would be a pleasure to hear from them.

EGYPTIAN WREATHS.

At the recent *soirée* of the Royal Society, Mr. P. E. NEWBERRY exhibited, by permission of the Director of the Royal Gardens, Kew, a series of ancient funeral wreaths and plant remains, discovered last year by Mr. W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE, in the cemetery of Hawara, Egypt. The wreaths, which are of Egyptian and Greek manufacture, were all made in the first century B. C., and were found in wooden coffins, either resting on the heads or surrounding the bodies of mummies. Among them the following are of special interest: (1) A very perfect wreath composed of the flowerheads of a species of Immortelle (*Gnaphalium luteo-album*, L.), called by the ancients "helichrysos," and much used by them in making garlands. Helichrysos wreaths are mentioned by PLINY (*Hist. Nat.* xxi., 96) as having been used in Egypt in Ptolemaic times; also by THEOPHRASTUS, ATHENÆUS, CRATINUS, &c. (2) Portion of a curious garland made of cones of Papyrus pith, Lychnis, and Rose

flowers, Rose petals, and scarlet berries of the woody Nightshade. The latter are mentioned by PLINY as having been employed in garland making by the Egyptians. (3) Portion of a wreath (of Greek manufacture) made of flowers of the Polyanthus Narcissus (*N. Tazetta*, L.). Wreaths made of this flower, the "clustered Narcissus" of the ancients, are often mentioned by early Greek poets. (4) Portion of a wreath made of the flowers of a species of Rose (*Rosa sancta*, R.). (5) A perfect wreath composed of Rose petals threaded by a needle on to strips of twine. "Recently," writes PLINY, in his *History of Garlands*, "the Rose chaplet has been adopted, and luxury has now arisen to such a pitch that Rose garlands are held in no esteem at all if they do not consist entirely of petals sewn together with the needle." (*Hist. Nat.*, book xxi, 8.) There are also exhibited (6) a portion of a wreath composed of twigs of Sweet Marjoram (*Origanum Majorana*, L.), Lychnis flowers, coils of Papyrus pith, and pieces of copper tinsil. (7) A portion of a wreath composed of Chrysanthemum flowers and leaves, purple Cornflowers, and petals of the flower of a species of Hibiscus. (8) A portion of a wreath made of flowers of *Matthiola Liberator*, L., flowers of the Polyanthus Narcissus and Hibiscus petals. (9) Portions of two necklaces made of flowers of the Date Palm threaded on strips of twine; and (10) a fragment of a necklace made of fruits of the Date Palm. Among the plant remains were found Peach stones, Dates, and Date stones, Walnut shells, Currants, Pomegranates, Plums, Figs, Chick Peas, common garden Beans and Peas, Lentils, Wheat, Barley and Oats. These were probably the remains of the ancient funeral feasts which were held in the Hawara cemetery by the relatives of the deceased people who were buried there.

Gardeners' Chronicle.

MERITORIOUS PLANTS.

At the meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, London, the latter part of July, the following named plants received first-class certificates of merit:

Spiræa gigantea.—The huge stem of this little known *Spiræa*, shown by Messrs. PAUL AND SON, of Cheshunt, was the chief thing of interest. It is well

named *gigantea*, as the spike of flowers alone is quite four feet high, and crowned with clusters of white flowers, which reminds one of those of our common Meadow Sweet, but about four times the size. The whole plant is like a gigantic *S. ulmaria*, the leaves palmate, broad, deep green, the stem strong and straight. This *Spiræa* is a form of *S. kamtschatica*, itself a tall growing species from Kamtschatka, but *S. gigantea* is even more robust. It is growing at Broxbourne in a moist soil, and its vigorous constitution and noble port suggest many good uses for it.

Cornus sibirica spathi.—A brightly variegated variety of Dogwood, and hardy in the open ground, a point of importance in the case of a plant like this, in which the leaves are rich yellow splashed with green. It appears to have a good constitution, an abundance of leaves, and does not look "patchy." From Messrs. J. VEITCH AND SONS, Chelsea.

Bouvardia Mrs. Robert Green.—A colored plate of this will be found in *The Garden* of March 30, 1889, and from it a good idea can be obtained of the beauty of this sport from President Cleveland. It originated with the exhibitor, Mr. H. B. MAY, of Edmonton, and is President Cleveland in everything but color, which is a soft pink with a trace of salmon in it.

Cyrtomium falcatum Fensomi.—A fairly well marked variety of the type, the plant of vigorous growth, producing an abundance of deep green fronds. From Mr. FENSOM, of Tottenham.

Pteris serrulata plumosa.—This is the most distinct of the many forms of *P. serrulata*, and a good plant of it was shown by Mr. W. COLEMAN, Swiss Cottage, Tunbridge Wells. It is a peculiarly beautiful Fern with the characteristics of the type, but the fronds are much divided, and cut up at the tips so as to make a heavy tassel of pale green. The plant forms a rich fringe, and the fronds hang down gracefully, quite hiding the pot, and thus render it a suitable Fern for a hanging basket.

The Garden.

PEGGING DOWN ROSES.

This is another way of making our gardens more interesting, and may well be done in the case of all vigorous growing Roses. Beds, borders or groups of Roses so treated are amongst the most delightful things in a garden. If the long shoots of the past season's growth are pegged down to the ground, they will flower their whole length; whereas if left standing, only the upper buds will break, and if pruned hard back, beauty is literally and needlessly sacrificed. A strong shoot is usually thrown up from the base of the one pegged down, so that when pruning time comes, the operation here is simply to cut away the old shoot and peg down the new one, and so on year after year. One season of growth, another of flower, and then the shoot is cut away; thus the Roses are ever being rejuvenated and the youthful vigor brings abundance of bloom.

A bed of Moss Roses treated in this way has certainly been one of the prettiest things I have seen this summer. But all Roses that make a vigorous annual shoot can be similarly treated. Gloire de Dijon, Bouquet d' Or, Rêve d' Or, Madame Berard, and others of this class often make shoots six or eight feet long in one year, and what could be more beautiful than to see them bearing flowers their whole length!

A group of pegged down Roses suggests itself as being a simple yet pleasing way of filling many a quiet nook about the garden, even in the borders under the windows of the house, or as a foreground to taller plants in borders. Even beds of them are not flat and monotonous, as some might suppose, for the up-rising shoots break all flatness, and in addition they shield and shelter the flowers. If the shoots have been properly managed when laid down, not an inch of bare ground will be visible. Dwarf and standard Roses are found in thousands of gardens where as yet the system of pegging down is unknown, but it is such a distinct gain, that as a system it deserves to become popular. A. H., in *The Garden*.



PLEASANT GOSSIP.

TERATOLOGY.

An Illinois correspondent supplies us with a good example of what botanists term *median proliferation*, in a specimen of abnormal Rose. As shown in the illustration herewith the stem is prolonged through the flower and bears a number



ROSE WITH STEM PROLONGED THROUGH IT.

of leaves. One noticeable peculiarity of this specimen is a well formed rose-colored petal borne on the stem at a point at least half an inch above the insertion of the other petals, and is just included at the summit of the flower. A peculiarity not less noticeable in this case is the malformation of the calyx, which consists of but two parts; but in which may be seen the origin of the whole five parts of a normal calyx. One of these parts consists of a well formed leaflet, about an inch in diameter, with a thick and flattened petiole with two stipules, a small leaflet a half-inch or less in diameter, with a perfectly formed petiole bearing one stipule, and another leaflet partly transformed from a leaf to a sepal and having one stipule; these three are all joined at their base and for a short distance above. The other part consists of two leaves with the bases of their petioles united; one of these leaves has six well formed leaflets, each a half inch in the

short diameter, and the other has four of the same character and two quite small ones, about three-sixteenths of an inch in length; each petiole has a stipule on one side.

It will be seen from this description how fully this example illustrates the common origin of leaves and flowers. The cause of this abnormality can undoubtedly be assumed to be the warm and wet weather which has caused an unusually vigorous growth. Apparently the stem that bore this specimen received from some cause a check in its growth, and as is customary prepared to produce a flower. Five leaves, which is the number that completes a whorl on a Rose stem, were produced in one whorl, and these were more or less modified as described, and show how a Rose calyx is formed when the transformation is complete in the normal manner. In this case the vigor of the plant was so great that apparently there was not time for the full change to transpire, but the petals were quickly formed instead of other leaves, and the stem pushed forward through the flower finishing off the last petal a half inch above the others, and then still pushed on and produced six other leaves, when it was discovered and severed from the parent stem. There were no stamens, there was not time to form them, the supply of sap was too great, and cell-growth too rapid. No finer example could be produced of the common origin of leaves and floral organs.

TO MISTRESS ROSE.

A Rose by any other name?

Nay, that could hardly be—

No other name, my Flower of June,

Could *be* the name for thee.

Dear darling of the summer time,

And love-child of the sun—

Whether by thy sweet breath beguiled,

Or by thy thorns undone.

I know thee for the Queen of Flowers,

And toast thee by thy name:

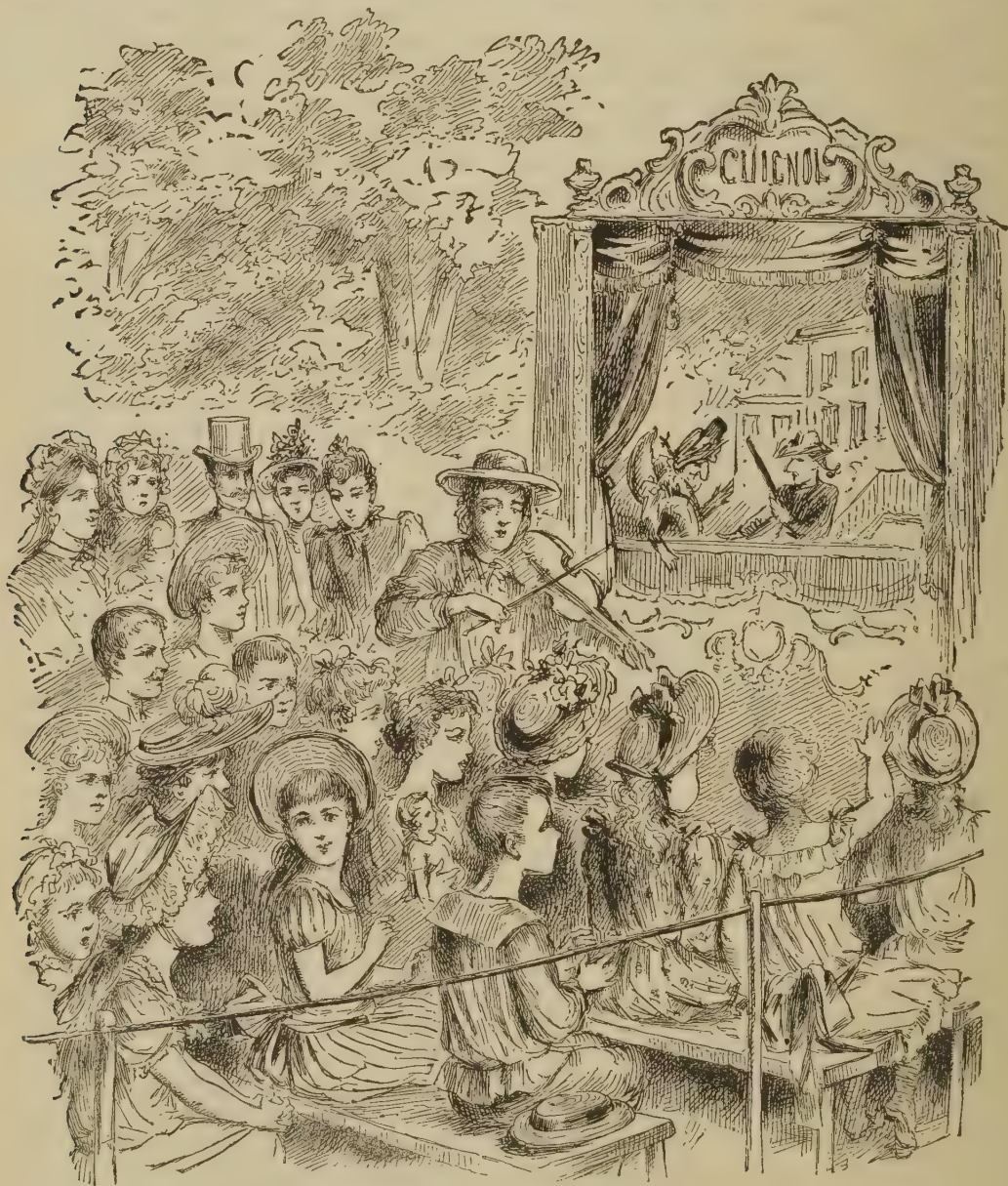
“Here’s to the sweet young loveliness

That sets our hearts aflame.”

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, in *Century*.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris is the paradise of the ladies, admitted to be so by those who have travelled the world over, yet to the sight seer and the tourist it seems as a sort of *bonne bouche*, a morsel of pleasure to be taken last, and regretfully they leave, feeling it would have been better to have stayed longer, or given more time to the city of pleasure. There are exceptions to this rule, and I have known many tourists com-



A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW—POLICHENELLE—CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

mence at Paris, and when last I saw them, months later, they were still waiting for the moment of ennui to come ere packing up to explore new fields of pleasure. I confess to ten years of this experience, and when the moment of departure came, I was nearly shipwrecked, and at times a sorrowful feeling that I did not better employ my time while there, yet I thought I was well doing.

To those who have lost home ties and family, Paris is the most desirable place to locate in, for home, after the English acceptance of the word, is unknown. Home is the place to sleep in, eat in, occasionally read and rest in; but, to live, why, it is on the streets, in cafés, promenading in the Bois, amused at the beauty all around,

forgetting, ignoring disagreeable home cares, becoming philosophical by experience or necessity, growing larger and more generous, laughing over what can't be cured, smiling at a gay wedding party as often seen in the Bois, wishing them mentally a god-speed, or passing a funeral cortege, with hat off to the conqueror, and, better than all, drinking in the cosmopolitan aspect of the Bois de Boulogne. One feels inclined to rest in the chair beneath some grand old tree and watch the passers-by, and contemplate a moving, ever-changing, shifting scene.

The flowers are all around, from the sweetest Marguerite to lightest hued Coquelicot, and children's laughter and nurses' warning voice, or the shrill scream of the waffle and cocoa vender, or the whistle of the goat woman or man to attract the attention of the little ones, who would prefer going in that chariot, and driving tame goats to the most magnificent court carriage, is heard on all sides. Baby is in Paradise in the Bois or upon the Champs Elysées, bucket and paddles in hand, ready to make sand kings or presidents, and dethrone them at will.

I left London, last week, in the midst of the season, to take a view of the Exposition, about which I alluded to in my last letter, and the Rose Show, with an intention to see the Grand Prix race. Every American attends who is fortunate enough to have a place in a carriage, or francs enough to hire a street cab, and quite an item upon that day; those who cannot do so take a chair in the Bois and speculate upon the winning horse, or watch the beautiful robed ladies in their gay turn out, attired as if for a reception, and then glance at the passers-by, for one sees John Chinaman and Japanese in their native dress, and it excites no comment in Paris. Is he not older in all the arts and sciences? and he might laugh, or do so inwardly, but he never expresses a feeling upon his noble face, at the fashionable European robe. Then comes a swarthy negro with a fair white bride, no distinction as to color or race in civilized Paris. The Prince of Wales may pass along with his children in the most unconventional manner, glad to leave his dignity where I cast my regrets, in his anticipated kingdom, England, or the Shah of Persia, and his slaves, dazzling

with diamonds, or Buffalo-Bill and his Indians and cow-boys, savants, artists, lawyers, judges, generals and soldiers, old statesmen, pretty women, young ladies, old ladies, all pass along feeling that, like the birds who sing and twitter in the Bois, a sort of right of way, an at-home feeling after the Parisian idea.

So, arriving in Paris at seven in the morning, I left my baggage to be sent to the hotel, and with my purse in hand, a very necessary companion, I started for Bohemia. It has no stated quarter, it is just where you make it. I settled it in the Champs Elysées, and after breakfasting at a café, surrounded by flowers in a charming garden, took a familiar spot under a Linden tree to sketch pen pictures.

Often I have stood, as you, reader, doubtless do, to watch the fun, and followed from the commencement, from the rise of the curtain to its fall, the old-timed battle of Punch and Judy and the policeman, and lived over childhood days; but I think there is a novelty in the Paris Polichenelle performance. It is a miniature theater. There is the ticket seller who takes four to six sous for a seat, the music from a well toned organ to a small band, a large sized box or scene, Punch gay, the dog in good spirits, the policeman thick headed, and Judy patient.

I attended this performance in Bohemian fashion, no care, no anxiety, breakfast was ended, dinner would come, and sure, too, of its being well prepared, I gave myself up to the infantine pleasure. I will state, to the right of me sat an old journalist, who nodded, and said, how refreshing to rest here and watch baby faces. The dignity with which each takes his place, applauding at the moment of excitement, demanding an *encore* for Punch, and hissing him when he bears down heavily upon Judy, and when the policeman comes to carry off Punch to hang him, the silence of anxiety and breathless expectancy, until artful Punch hangs the policeman, then up comes the demonstrative agility of the French child, and enthusiastic triumph of justice, and orderly they leave the little street theater with a closer feeling of affection for Punch, and when grown to manhood and womanhood may return, as I did, to Bohemia.

Flowers grow best there, they will stand any amount of neglect and bloom

well. For in Bohemia all blossoms are under your feet and make a perfume, while you stretch yourself upon the green grass, nature's couch, until some frog, or even a small ant, one of your distant relatives, takes the liberty of crawling or hopping over you, ignoring your relationship, or disputing your right to their estate.

Night came, and the stars shone brightly, those in the skies were old companions, but those in the Café Chanlin, a concert near by, were singing loudly, as if to attract the passers by to enter, sup, or dine, and reflecting it was a stage I did not hunt Polichenelle or Judy, or the policeman. I dare say they were there, but wended my way to my hotel, where trunks were stationed awaiting my arrival.

Paris seemed that evening, and does still, more American than ever before, for on all sides I heard, and as I write, hear, my language, and one seems transported into a bower of blossoms in the hotel halls, as brightly attired ladies flit by with armsful of loosely tied flowers intermingled with feathery grasses, the odor overpowering.

There is an epidemic of the Eiffel tower mania in dress, jewelry and flowers. Order a floral center piece, and home comes a towering edifice in Roses. Ask the dressmaker for an original sleeve or corsage to your robe, she calls it the Eiffel tower design, and even the butcher will dress the joint of beef to resemble the tower, and little bouquets are of a towering shape.

I want no better paradise in earthly terms than Paris presents to-day. surrounded by my countrymen and countrywomen, where *bon jour* means really, good day, and where, in true cosmopolitan sense, we agree that there can be but one home, and that it need not be large to contain our sum of happiness, and if it be in America or Europe the flowers will grow, well planted with affection, visible or invisible, if we sow the seed and wait the harvest.

Houses are evidences of architectural problems, sometimes hard to solve, and after years of toil in fitting and being slaves to the caprices of fashion, it is laughable to find a softer couch in Bohemia, a sweeter sleep than upon the costly bed and faultless coverlid, where

the gas throws up an electrical light, and the tick of the clock, musical or unmusical, drives away or invites slumber, suggesting that we are the Polichenelles, and that the birds are wiser than we, that the flowers and Lilies of the Valley are cared for by the invisible hands, and in Bohemia, I am thinking, one at times gets nearer the truthful feeling in the Superior Providence than in gilded halls.

If you doubt the beauty of Paris, come and see it at this date, it abounds in every good gift and fruit nature can produce or man covet.

The Roses are bursting in rage or fading in blushes, the Orchids trailing in crazy fashion, and the fruit is offered at the moment of perfection.

ADA THORPE LOFTUS.

WATERPROOF WHITEWASH.

Cheap washes for outbuildings are frequently desired. The *Canadian Magazine of Science and the Industrial Arts* publishes the following methods of preparing washes:

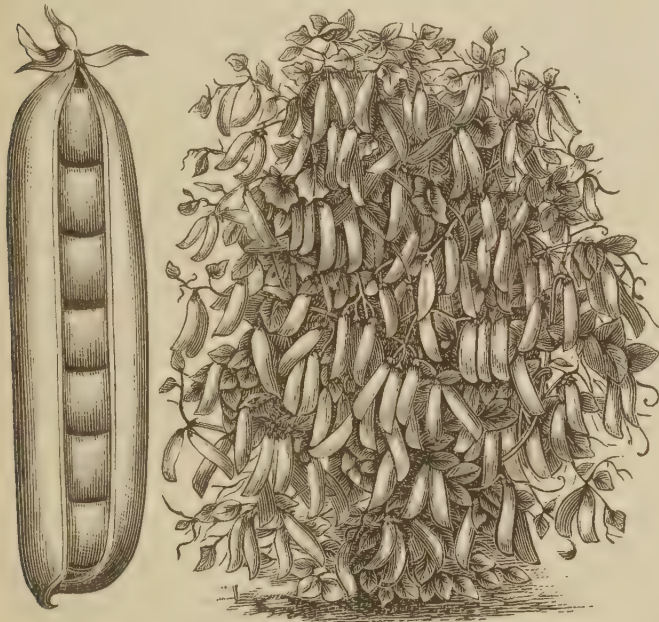
RESENSCHEK, of Munich, mixes together the powder from three parts silicious rock (quartz), three parts broken marble and sandstone, also two parts of burned porcelain clay, with two parts freshly slaked lime, still warm. In this way a wash is made which forms a silicate if often wetted, and becomes, after a time, almost like stone. The four constituents mixed together, give the ground color, to which any pigment that can be used with lime is added. It is applied quite thickly to the wall, or other surface, let dry one day, and the next day frequently covered with water, which makes it waterproof. This wash can be cleaned with water without losing any of its color; on the contrary, each time it gets harder, so that it can even be brushed, while its porosity makes it look soft. The wash or calcimine can be used for ordinary purposes, as well as for the finest painting. A so-called fresco surface can be prepared with it in the dry way.

A recipe for whitewash suitable for outbuildings on a farm, something that will not wash or rub off, and not injure trees, and can be tinted: For one barrel of color-wash use half a bushel white lime, three pecks hydraulic cement, ten pounds umber, ten pounds ochre, one pound Venetian red, one-quarter pound lamp-

black. Slake the lime, cut the lampblack with vinegar, and mix well together, then add the cement and fill the barrel with water. Let it stand twelve hours before using, and stir frequently while putting on. This wash is not a clear white, but a light stone color, which may be more or less changed by the other colors. This covers well, hardens without scaling, and will not wash off.

KING OF THE DWARF PEA.

This variety of Pea is confirming its reputation this season for abundant yield. The best pea-growers are unanimous in giving it the preference for bearing quality over all other dwarf varieties. Some growers, this season, who have raised all



KING OF THE DWARF PEA.

the principal varieties, have found this the best cropper of all. As most of our readers know, this variety is a cross between McLean's Little Gem and American Wonder; in height it is but little if any taller than Little Gem, and comes into use immediately after that variety. It is a stout, erect grower, and bears up well its heavy crop. The stock of it is being raised under the most careful supervision with a view to its uniformity and purity. The quality is excellent, and there is no question that it now stands at the head of all the varieties of Dwarf Peas. It is equally well adapted to the family garden or for raising on a large scale for a market, where quality is appreciated.

IN PREPARATION.

What we have in preparation is a poem by an American author. It purports to be a description of a little country girl's childhood, by herself, and the name of it is "Myself." The recital is full of interest from beginning to end, and will please every reader, old or young. The poem will be issued in handsome quarto size, on heavy plate paper, in artistic script letter, each page illuminated, and besides there will be twelve full-page illustrations expressly designed and drawn by a skillful artist, to accompany the text. These illustrations are made in four tints and are in the most exquisite taste. The book will be in a handsome illuminated cover of rich design, and altogether it will be a gem for the parlor, and a most beautiful object for a presentation.

WHO ARE TO HAVE THE POEM.—This beautiful work is intended for our subscribers. VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE is known in all parts of the country by those who love a garden or house plants, who cultivate flowers, fruits and vegetables, or who love to see and learn about the wild flowers of our woods and waysides. To the best and most refined persons in the community its monthly visits are a pleasure. It should go into the home of every family in the land. Everywhere its tendency is to cheer, to brighten, to improve both the minds and the real possessions of its readers. Each number of the MAGAZINE contains a handsome colored plate of flowers or fruit, and its pages are full of timely and appropriate articles on plant culture of all kinds. The increasing love of flowers, plants and trees among the people is tending everywhere to beautify our land. Green, velvety lawns, graceful trees, beautiful flowers and luscious fruits more and more abound from year to year. To the influence of the horticultural press this is in a great part due, and VICK'S MAGAZINE has been one of the most earnest and persistent workers in this special field. It will continue the work and it is determined that what it has to

say shall be heard, and that a larger class of readers shall receive its benefits.

The price of the MAGAZINE is \$1.25 a year, in advance, and we intend to give every subscriber a copy of the exquisite illustrated poem, "Myself," already described. The poem is not for sale, nor obtainable except to subscribers to the MAGAZINE. If sold in the retail trade it would not be offered at less than \$2.00. For \$1.25 each subscriber gets a copy of "Myself" and the MAGAZINE for one year. Let no reader of this notice fail to send the subscription price, or it will be a mistake afterward to be regretted. On receipt of the amount, \$1.25, the name will be entered on our list, and the volume of poems will be sent as soon as issued, which will be early in December. The term of subscription can begin with any month, although the new volume, the thirteenth, will commence with the January number, and most persons prefer to commence at that time, in order to have a full volume for binding, as we bind the numbers when desired, or supply a handsome cover for the purpose. Do not delay to subscribe, or the opportunity may pass.

TO OUR PRESENT READERS.—To the present readers of the MAGAZINE we have now a few words to say:

No one is so well qualified to represent the merits of the MAGAZINE as those who have been its regular readers. We should like to have every one of this number help us to increase our subscription list, but this is more than we can expect. Still, there are few but can help in some way. We do not expect help without pay for it, so, every one who will take subscriptions for the MAGAZINE with the beautiful illustrated poem, we shall consider our agent.

If those who are willing to assist in this manner will write to us, we will forward them our rates and full instructions, and they will find that they can benefit themselves while doing good work for others. Please let us hear from you in every locality. We must have a representative in every village and at every post office. Send in names at once.

Many a lady will find that she can easily secure subscriptions in this way, and any person who makes a regular business of it will have a pleasant and profitable occupation.

EXPERIMENTAL COLD-FRAMING.

Living in a town whose people are proverbial for their flower-loving tastes and their successful culture, and having no immediate access to a first-class greenhouse, I am much used to devise ways and means for not only raising new plants from those already obtained from a distance, but, what is much more important, their successful keeping.

I have been, too, in the last few years, much occupied in the keeping of the more tender varieties of Roses, those which will, while furnishing an abundance of summer bloom, not be able to stand, as their more hardy brethren, the rigor of our severest winters. One of the most beautiful of these is the Marechal Niel, whose flowers can ill be dispensed with among a collection. I find by keeping Roses in the house, no matter how wide or sunny the windows, or how cool and free from the the extreme dry heat of the furnace or hard coal burner they may be, they invariably grow the worse for their winter's keeping and come out barely alive in the spring, mildewed, insect-infested, diseased and budless.

One after another of my friends resorted to the use of a cold-frame or Rose pit, dug in a sunny, sheltered spot, with a decided slope to the south, and well protected as to sash and the necessary heavier outside protection of wood doors besides. I watched with some interest their experiments in this line, while I still renewed my own unavailing efforts to bring out from my house collection fairly healthy plants in the spring. Their efforts, it is needless to say, were extremely successful, while mine were not, and their collections of Roses, as well as numberless other plants quite as well adapted for this treatment, came out healthy, vigorous, and in many instances covered with buds and blossoms. I hesitated no longer, but must have a cold-frame built at once for the plants I so loved.

Now, my friends all live in the valley, where the soil is of a nature loose, sandy and affording of itself a good drainage. I live upon one of the hills overlooking this rich Miami valley. Not taking into due consideration the nature of the stiff clay soil of my hill-top home, and forgetting that in the spring my cellar is some-

times inclined to be decidedly watery, and the fence-maker continually complaining of the soggy disposition of the soil, I proceeded to have my pit made in the dry fall season. All went well as to the digging, and a fine pit some five feet deep was prepared, of good size, planked at the sides and firmly cemented as to the bottom, with side shelves, two and three deep, and an open space in the middle for the taller trees and plants to be placed. A stand of steps was arranged that could be used at will, and the whole crowned with five large sash doors with their attendant wooden ones for the extreme cold weather.

Well, I was the happiest of mortals all that fall, potting and arranging for my stock to go inside, and took up many a plant I could well have left out in the beds, just to get the thing full, as were those of my friends. By the middle of November it was full, and I kept the sash raised on sunny, fair days, and my plants looked well. Then came a season of cold, chilly rains that lasted nearly two weeks, and my pit was closed as to the sash, and left, as I thought, in the utmost comfort and security. But one day the spirit moved me in the midst of a decided down-pour to visit the place so full of interest to me.

I raised the sash and stood and looked in, and my heart grew sick at the prospect. The pit was fully half full of water and some of my pots submerged, while others were being rapidly floated off the shelving. Regardless of the rain and the rheumatism, I got down in it and fished them out, and stood for hours bailing out water, and watching and bailing out. But my efforts were fruitless, as it still came in, in a steady stream, from below, and nothing but proper drainage could help it. My poor plants were removed to the house, and the family, constrained to sit for some weeks in the center of the room to afford them vantage ground near the light.

My pit was remodeled as soon as the rain ceased, and a good drainage afforded, and replacing my plants, I kept them admirably, nor suffered again from the water, although a rainy winter followed, while after several season's experience I can speak in favor of the cold-frame, or rose pit, as far preferable to winter house-keeping for those plants that are

at least half-hardy. and can thrive in a cool place secure from frost.

Of course, they will need every attention as to water, light on sunny, warm days, and air when it is expedient, while in the extreme cold weather an extra covering of old carpeting will be a wise precaution. H. K.

CHAUTAUQUA HORTICULTURE.

The July meeting of this society, with Mr. D. S. WRIGHT, of Dunkirk, in the chair, was largely attended.

Regular question—Success with small fruits.

U. E. DODGE said twenty-five acres was too much for a man to own who grows small fruits.

J. A. PUTNAM said Marlboro and Cuthbert were the best of the red, and Souhegan and Gregg the best of the black Raspberries.

A gift, non-returnable basket, holding twelve quart baskets, was mentioned by several. It is manufactured at Kingsville, Ohio.

H. P. CLOTHIER said the best plan is to board the pickers, having them stay on the premises through the season.

It was advised to limit commission dealers to whom are consigned berries, not to sell below a fixed price.

Considerable was said of the feasibility of a combination among growers, to avoid excessive shipments to a market already overloaded.

Judge GEORGE BARKER spoke highly of the farmers and fruit-growers of English and German birth, who make our most successful growers. He also counselled more co-operation and mutual exchange of ideas by farmers. "The farmers of this country do not talk enough," said the distinguished jurist.

E. I. WILCOX deprecated the practice among farmers of running down their vocation. "If," said he, "the farmers of Chautauqua County would stand up for their land and for their vocation, the price of the farms in this section would advance twenty-five per cent.

Professor F. S. LYON said men were liable to go to seed in their business. The successful man is one who can overcome every obstacle.

Careful estimates place the yield of Grapes in this county at about one-half that of 1888. The combination of causes

which have led to this result are, the frost of May 28th, excessive wet about the blossoming period, June 20th to 25th, and the faulty condition of much Grape wood at the close of last season's growth.

At this writing, July 25th, the Grapes are well advanced and look healthy. But there are very many vines which, last year, were well loaded, on which the clusters are like angel's visits, "few and far between."

S. S. CRISSEY.

FLORISTS' PINKS.

I purchased one dozen Florists' Pinks in the spring of 1886, and placed them as a border around my flower bed, as far as they would go. Six of the plants died, and in the spring of 1887 I separated the the Pinks, planting them again as a border. After they had done blooming I cut them with the shears close to the roots. They grew fast, forming a thick hedge, and now I have about sixty feet of border, a dense mass of green, covered with pink and white flowers, that fill the air with fragrance, and my beds are the admiration of the town, as no one else has anything like them.

MRS. N. M. L., *St. Peter, Minn.*

SEEDLING GLADIOLI.

A report should be made of my progress in Gladiolus culture, and as some of my seed came from you, I may as well report the facts to you.

Last year, we had two and one-half inches of rain while the spikes were forming, and some spikes that had normal two-rowed flowers, after that, changed to a four rowed spike. I also once had one double flowered spike, the seed of which did not come double, but normal. This year, I have one spike with yellow upon upper and lower petals alike, the rest of the flower red. This is a seedling of Mme. Lemoine. I think these seedlings more apt to sport than any others.

The fault with them is, they are apt to curl over and become goose-necked, or crooked; but I have several spikes of their seedlings, this year, as straight and firm as Brenchleyensis, with twenty flowers, four feet high, and all the fine characteristic Lemoine coloring. The one that has sported the most is deep red, and some of the flowers have one, some two and some three of the petals colored

with the Lemoine colors; but the most peculiar part is, the petals are all the same length, open, and not curling for protection and fertilization by insects. The reproductive organs are also straight and stand upright, and the flowers are large, with straight, upright, tall spikes. This, you will observe, is a great departure, for the upper, normal petals all curl down in ordinary cases, thus forcing the bumble-bees to rub against the pistil and causing cross-fertilization. I am fertilizing some spikes with pollen from Ti-gridia, to see if I can get a hybrid.

D. S. MARVIN, *Walertown, N. Y.*

CLEMATIS.

Too much cannot be said in favor of this most popular climber. Indeed, next to the Rose, it bids fair to become the popular flowering plant of the day. Not only are its flowers unique in appearance, embracing a great variety of color, but they afford constant pleasure, the more so since, if different varieties are cultivated, one need not be without their bloom the entire season. It has also the merit of being entirely hardy, a rapid climber and most profuse bloomer. I have seen them, in the larger varieties, covered entirely by their mass of bloom, presenting a sight captivating in the extreme.

The colors embrace the most beautiful tints of blue, purple, lavender, scarlet and white. Some of the flowers in the larger blooming varieties being quite six inches or more in diameter, and very showy. With careful training a strong plant will attain to a considerable height the first season, often covering an entire frame or trellis, and whether trained over lattice work or pillars, or left trailing upon the ground, their large, star-shaped flowers are produced in the greatest numbers from the last of May to October. Old rock-beds are a capital place for this rapid climber, and several varieties planted together and clambering over the rough surface of the rocky heap will soon turn it into a gorgeous mass of rich bloom.

Of a number of kinds perhaps the Jackmanni is the better known; of rich, dark, royal purple—a superb variety. To have but one, it will afford the greatest pleasure. There are other varieties equally

satisfactory, however, of blue, lavender, wine-color, and the magnificent white kinds, of which there are the distinct, many-petaled, as well as those resembling the Jackmanni in shape. I have been quite successful the past few years in raising from seed gathered from my own vines, and producing some new shades of color, delicately tinted and very beautiful.

The smaller flowering kinds also deserve notice, the coccinea, to my mind, being the most beautiful. It is of bright scarlet, the flower bell-shaped, very odd, and especially desirable for cut flower use. This variety is beautiful trained about the iron-work of verandas, as its foliage is dainty, while its long, graceful flowering stems are exquisite with their vivid scarlet flower burden peeping out here and there. This variety dies down each fall, to come up from the root in the spring. I have also the graveolens, a yellow blooming variety, quite pretty.

For cemeteries the Clematis is excellent, or wherever a hardy climber is desired. The plants may be set out in safety in our northern States from April to June, though I have set out strong plants somewhat later. H. K.

GLEANNINGS.

L. B. PIERCE recommends the Jessie, Cumberland and Kentucky Strawberries for family use. Cumberland the best in quality, Kentucky next and Jessie earliest. All have perfect flowers.

California Prunes in the New York market are leading French Prunes, and selling at a higher price. They have been shipped by the way of Panama purposely to test their capacity for sustaining heat, and have borne the trial without injury. They now rank first in quality in the trade.

A late number of *Garden and Forest* figures and describes a hybrid Catalpa, called J. C. Teas. It is considered to be the progeny of the Japanese species, *C. Kämpferi*, fertilized by *C. bignonioides*. Said to be more vigorous and hardier than either of the parents. The flowers are intermediate in size, but the panicles are very much larger and the flowers more numerous. Its value as a timber tree is not determined, but for ornament

it promises to be an important acquisition. The seedling tree was raised by Mr. J. C. TEAS, on his grounds, while living in Indiana.

Writing of Strawberries to the *Rural New-Yorker*, F. C. MILLER, of Ohio, says: For productiveness and good size, Bubach, Jessie, Haverland and Crawford stand at the head. One picker, in two hours, picked twelve quarts of Jessies, of superior size and quality. * * * The Bubachs were immense in size, but the Haverlands out-yielded them. Crawford is the foremost and best in quality of all. The largest berry grown was a Crawford, but it is not quite as productive as I would like.

The *American Garden* has undertaken a heavy job, to lift all the fences in the country. Its main position is right; far too many fences are made and kept up. They are expensive, they often harbor weeds, they are frequently a great disfigurement to the landscape, and in many cases useless. Still, there are localities where front fences, at least, cannot be wholly dispensed with. The question is one for each landholder to decide for himself, but he should decide it in accordance with the facts, and not with old usage or prejudice.

Reports from several parts of this State show the Pear to be producing a better crop this season than any other kind of fruit.

Among the coming Pears, says *Orchard and Garden*, we would name the Idaho. It is a new variety, but well worthy of trial. We have watched it for three years. Its hardiness, good quality, ripening at a desirable season, two weeks after the Bartlett, good growth, and abundant dark green foliage, give it a promise of being valuable. It is of large size, specimens weighing a pound or over, and irregular in form, inclining to obovate.

WM. C. STRONG presents some facts in *Garden and Forest*, which make a strong case in favor of transplanting evergreen trees in August instead of in spring. It is true that spring planting is often very disappointing.

GARDEN INQUIRIES.

Why do Clematis vines turn brown like the leaves sent, and what is the remedy? I lose the vines covered with bloom; sometimes they send up shoots from the root, but only to die again.

What is the best kind of Mignonette for tree Mignonette?

M. V. L., Warrenton Va.

The leaves received appear to be covered with a minute fungus or rust. The present season is especially favorable to the growth and spread of rusts and mildew on all kinds of vegetation. Low, moist and heavy soils are most apt to be infested in seasons of great humidity. Without more complete knowledge of the particular case in question it would be impossible to advise treatment. A plant that dies in the manner described should be examined in all its parts, leaves, branches and roots, and its real condition noted. But little is yet known of the parasitic fungi of plants and the means of destroying them.

Miles' Spiral Mignonette is much used for training in tree form. Machet is another good variety, and so is Golden Queen.

AGAPANTHUS NOT BLOOMING.

How old must an Agapanthus be before it blooms, and can I keep it through the winter in the cellar? I have one about three years old; it seems thrifty, is in a seven or eight-inch pot, but I know it ought to be in a larger one, for it is full of roots.

A. L., New Burlington, Ohio.

The Agapanthus requires to become large and strong before blooming. The specimen inquired about can be repotted this month, giving it more room for its roots. A soil composed of three parts of good loam, one of leaf-mold, one of sand and one of old, well rotted manure, will be suitable. It should be well pressed or rammed into the pot, instead of merely placing it in loosely. It is proper to winter it in the manner mentioned, giving it a light place, and allowing little or scarcely any water while in the cellar. In early spring bring it up, giving it a light place, but only moderate heat.

PRUNING AND CARE OF ROSES.

T. A., of Carlyle, Illinois, inquires if it is best to prune Tea and Hybrid Roses in the fall, and how to protect them during winter. The pruning should be left until early in spring. Rose plants having flexible shoots should be bent down and fastened to the ground by pegging.

Then, at the approach of severe weather, they can be covered with leaves and straw, over which a little soil can be placed to keep them in position, or some brush laid over the litter, and stones on them, will keep it in place. Strong-stemmed Rose plants can be strawed up and thus protected. Drawing the soil up eighteen inches or more in a mound about the base of a Rose plant will effectually protect the lower part of it, and if the upper part should be injured it can be cut away in the spring.

JAPANESE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Some admirable specimens of Japanese Chrysanthemums are shown in our colored plate. Swanley, or, as it is sometimes called, Swanley Yellow, is a variety of a clear, pure color, with long, graceful petals that open out well, and are thrown back when fully expanded.

Mrs. Golding is of an orange-yellow color suffused with red, and having a yellow center; petals numerous, wavy and somewhat curled or twisted.

La Charineuse is of the same graceful form as the preceding, and of a purplish-lilac shade, lighter on the under side of petals.

The above are three excellent varieties of the class they represent, and are good, thrifty growers; in the hands of those who will give them proper attention and cultivation their development will be entirely satisfactory.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

The report of the Ornithologist sent out by the Department of Agriculture, shows very plainly the condition of the English Sparrow in this country; he possesses the land. That he does an immense amount of damage is fully shown. The question now is, how can the birds be exterminated, or so reduced in numbers, and kept from increasing, as to make them harmless. Nothing but organization and concerted action in every State, county and township can accomplish it. Will this ever be done? We fear not. It is some consolation, however, for communities of fruit-growers to know that they may keep them under in their own localities, even though they flourish elsewhere. It appears that they may be kept even from a single plantation or farm.

The following is from the report :

"We know of instances in which a single garden or estate has been kept fairly free from sparrows by continual shooting and the systematic destruction of nests and eggs. Thus Mr. ALBERT H. PHELPS, of West Pawlet, Vt., wrote in 1884:

"On this farm they have been destroyed by breaking up the nests and by shooting for two successive years, and now they do not come here. They are abundant, however, on neighboring farms where they have been undisturbed."

"So long as they are destroyed only in a few places they must be followed up every year, and not allowed to regain a foothold or they will soon become as numerous as ever."

"In September, 1886, Mr. WILLIAM KAUCHER, of Oregon, Mo., wrote:

"They are all shot every spring, but others come to take their places later. Seventy-five or eighty were thus killed in our court-house park last spring."

"About a year later, November 14, 1887, Mr. KAUCHER wrote:

"A war of extermination was waged by our citizens against the sparrows, beginning early in the spring and extending into June, when they were all killed. They are coming in now from other places, but the same course will be followed next year in regard to them. Now, if communities around us could be induced to do the same thing, they could be kept in subjection, if not altogether destroyed."

"Under date of March 2, 1888, Mr. KAUCHER again wrote to the Commissioner of Agriculture, as follows:

"Our city council lately made an appropriation for the purchase of powder for the purpose of killing sparrows. Our sportsmen availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded, and within the past ten days have killed nearly all that

could be found. Something of this kind seems better than the use of poisoned grain."

"Similar testimony has been received from a few other places, while individual efforts to exterminate the birds have been quite common, but from the nature of the case only temporarily successful. In places where the first few pairs of sparrows have been shot or driven away on their appearance, it seems to have been comparatively easy to keep others away as they came, for the sparrow is naturally observant and suspicious, and only grows bold and aggressive as its numbers become formidable or its position assured."

Communities of gardeners and fruit-growers should take the matter in hand, and by organized effort keep this pest under control.

SOCIETY OF AMERICAN FLORISTS.

The annual meeting of this society commenced in Buffalo, August 20th. W. C. BARRY read the first paper, on "Roses." An invitation to hold their next annual meeting in Boston was received from the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and was unanimously accepted. On the second day, ROBERT CRAIG, of Philadelphia, read a paper entitled "Elevating our Business, in which he advocated the attention of gardeners to special lines of work, maintaining that only specialists arrived at the highest standard. JOHN THORPE, of Pearl River, N. Y., read a paper upon the advantages of an experimental garden, which he thought it desirable to establish. The following gentlemen were nominated as officers for the ensuing year: President, J. M. JORDAN, St. Louis, Mo.; Vice President, M. H. NORTON, Boston, Mass.; Secretary, WM. J. STEWART, Boston, Mass.; Treasurer, M. H. HUNT, Terre Haute, Ind.



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

HEIRLOOMS OF TALE AND ANECDOTE.

Once more Grandmamma Raymond is visiting her son's family, appearing no older than when we last knew of her as recounting early recollections to Kathleen and Clarence, in response to their appeal for old-time ghost stories. She is one of those rare persons, of whom we all know one or more, who seem perennially young.

On the broad piazza, in a coal rattan rocker, she sits in quiet meditation, all unconscious that Kathleen, from her hammock, surveys her in loving admiration, the while she reflects that the dear woman cannot always be as she is now—her ripe age, rich in past experience, with memory still quick and on the alert to yield up its treasures when called upon. Then she recalls what she has recently read of a periodical just established for garnering up stories and traditions of New England life, before they shall have passed away with the passing generation, and resolves to commence at once to draw from the storehouse of Grandmamma's memory with a view to preservation.

Just then, Clarence entering the yard, Mrs. Raymond calls to him to come and sit beside her; and Kathleen springs up and joins them, saying, "No intrusion, I trust," and is smilingly nodded into a seat.

"Clarence," begins Mrs. Raymond, "this morning, I heard you and your father discussing the continued disruption of friendship between two of your acquaintances, because of one of them having given the other a 'piece of his mind' (as he told your father), in response to the overtures of regret and reconciliation from his old-time friend.

"Now, that was not only unmanly, Clarence, but it was very ungentlemanly, besides being a *weak* thing to do. True nobility of nature would have made him scorn to do such a thing. And yet it seems he had recounted that 'piece of his mind' as something smart.

"If he had not already told the man what he thought of his conduct it was

too late then; and if he had, that was sufficient. No wonder the breach between them is as wide as ever.

"The incident reminded me, Clarence, of something I once heard my father tell and of his application of it; and I want you to have the benefit of it through life, for you can't forget it if you would. He said that —."

"Our *great-grandfather*, Clarence," whispers and nudges Kathleen.

"— a prominent man, much loved and widely respected, became suddenly insane; and was taken to a lunatic hospital with the hope of a speedy recovery. One day, as the Superintendent was approaching the building, after a short absence, he was shocked by this man calling to him from the roof that he was going to jump off. The Doctor well knew that he would do it unless instantly diverted from his purpose. So, throwing back his head and laughing loud and heartily, he shouted up :

" 'O, any fool can do that! But you can't get down stairs and reach the front door before I can get around there myself,' and started on the run. The crazy man started, too, and in that way was secured. This incident not only shows the great value of presence of mind in emergencies, but applies most fittingly in other cases.

"My father used occasionally to refer to that Doctor's remark in this fashion: 'When I see a man answering an angry assailant in the same spirit, I say to myself, "Any fool can do that." When I see him making some ill return for a fancied or real injury, again, I think, "Any fool can do that." But when I see a man giving gentle words for wrathful ones, or making kindly returns for ill treatment, I recognize him as one of nature's noblemen, or, he may be one of grosser mould, who has been uplifted and regenerated by the spirit and precepts of Christ, and therefore more to be commended than the former, because more has been overcome.'"

Breaking the thoughtful silence that ensues after this talk, Kathleen says, softly, "Go on, dear grandmamma, and tell us more of the anecdotes and sayings you heard in your girlhood. We want to hear them all; not only because they belong to a time past and gone, but also because your retentive memory has carried them all these years." Hereupon Clarence catches the idea, and adds:

"Yes, do tell us all of the quaint old sayings and anecdotes of your early life that you can recall, whether told by your parents or others. If Kathleen and I have not your memory, we have pencils for jotting down headings that will help us to write out in good form all that you tell us."

"A very good idea," responds Mrs. Raymond, "now that so much value is attached to whatever belongs to the past. While speaking of those two men just now, I was reminded of an incident narrated by my father more than forty years ago, and which I saw in print not long since, showing that others, too, had heard the same, thus proving its authenticity. It was this:

"A farmer became very angry with his adjoining neighbor, and for three years would not speak to him. Finally, falling ill, and being told by his physician that he probably had not long to live, he thought he must make peace with his neighbor, and sent for him. When the latter reached his bedside, the sick man took his hand, saying:

"'You find me very sick.'

"'So I see; but trust you'll soon be better.'

"'Doctor thinks I can't live.'

"'Sorry, sorry.'

"'So I must wipe out old scores, and I want you to forget that old grudge of mine —.'

"'O, yes, yes; certainly.'

"'—and don't think of it any more —.'

"'No, no, of course, not.'

"'—but pass it over as though it had never been.'

"'Yes, yes, to be sure!'

"'That's all. Good bye. God bless you.'

"As the neighbor was passing out of the room, the sick man faintly called him, and with tremulous hand upraised and finger pointed, said:

"'But, see here; if I *should* get well again, remember that matters between us have got to be just as they were before.'"

"The old hypocrite," exclaims Clarence, "And you heard our great-grandfather tell that when you were young?"

"I certainly did, as well as did others. And now I'll give you one of a different kind, that I heard him tell.

"A young man of sluggish temperament, who had long been old enough to marry, was finally rallied by his impatient father in this wise:

"'What makes you hang around our chimney corner, year after year? Why don't you get out of here, rouse yourself up, stir around and hunt up some nice girl and marry her, and settle down by a fireside of your own, like other folks? Your Uncle Peter married, and I married, and —.'

"'Y-e-s,' drawled out the poor fellow, 'y-o-u married m-o-t-h-e-r; but I'm sent out to marry a s-t-r-a-n-g-e gal.'

"Ha, ha," laughed Clarence, "I suppose if he could have married his mother, it would have been all right. That beats all the stories of simpletons I ever heard yet. Wonder where our great-grandfather got hold of such a tale."

"I have no idea; but it reminds me of one about wife-seeking, that my mother used to tell, which must be fully as old.

"A certain anxious mother selected a wife for her son, fixing him up in good style sent him off thirty miles away to pay her his addresses. The next day, toward evening, he returned, looking so hopeful and smiling that his mother felt quite elated.

"'You look as though you'd been well treated,' she remarked.

"'I have. I b'lieve I'm goin' to get her.'

"'What makes you think so?'

"'O, 'cause they was so nice to me.'

"'In what way was they nice? Tell me.'

"'O, every way. This mornin' I was readin' the almanac for a spell, an' my girl, she come sweepin' the floor close to where I sot, an' then got a little brush-broom an' swep' under my cheer an' between my feet, jes' as *keerful*; an' they all seemed so tickled 'cause I was there! O, I most know she'll have me.'

"'Ah' I most know you needn't never

go near that house again,' said the irate mother, 'you great big dunce, you ; them a makin' fun of you afore your face an' eyes, an' you never knowed it.' "

When Kathleen is done screaming with laughter she manages to say, between breaths, "What very bright young men they must have had in those days."

The two once more being settled in a listening attitude, Mrs. Raymond continues: "When your father was a boy and heedless of the sweeping going on around him, nothing would make him bounce from his chair so quickly as to call for a broom-corn brush.

"Perhaps, Kathleen, a different class of young men, represented by another anecdote of my mother's, will please you better. In those days neatness and economy in housekeeping were considered the chief attributes to be looked for in a wife. Hence, in order to learn which of the girls in a certain neighborhood was the least wasteful, a thrifty mother started her son out with a pretended sore hand in a sling, telling him to inquire of all the girls he knew for scrapings from the bread 'trough' and pie board, of which to make a poultice for it.

"At several places where he called, the girls hurried off with alacrity, and soon brought him a bountiful supply of dry, hard scrapings nicely wrapped in paper, which, of course, he threw away as soon as he left the house. At length, he found a girl who seemed much embarrassed upon learning his errand, saying she feared she could not supply him, but would see what she could do. Returning presently, she apologized for her lack of 'scrapings,' by explaining that they never allowed any dough to go to waste, and therefore their bread 'trough' and rolling board were always put away clean. This result being soon reported to the mother, of course, it was decided that the future wife was found.

"Surely, Kathleen, here's an instance of a shrewd young man of ye olden time."

"An instance of deception and impertinent prying," sneers that young girl; "I hope he couldn't 'git her,' after all.

"I can assure you from personal experience," continues Mrs. Raymond, "that this same anecdote served its purpose most effectively; for when I was first entrusted with bread making, than which no more worthy crown of household

laurel could be bestowed, my watchful mother made a discovery which led her to say to my brother, at dinner, "Hiram, if you see the young man around with the sore hand, you may tell him to call here.' Nothing that she could have said or done would have so punished me as that quiet remark, for I knew that both he and my father understood its meaning. So, you see, these quaint anecdotes had their uses in the same class of households whence they doubtless originated in still earlier times.

"One precautionary measure to avoid getting a slattern for a wife was portrayed in an anecdote representing a young man slyly entering a kitchen and laying the broom on the floor, and then stepping back and rapping. If the girl stepped over the broom in her haste to be courteous to him, she wouldn't do at all. But if she stopped to pick up the broom, while apologizing, and if it had a loop in the handle by which she hung it on a nail, she would make a model housekeeper.

"These three stories my mother heard when a young girl, as also some rhymes, one of which betrays its English origin, and makes us suspect that some of the anecdotes also came over in the Mayflower. Others are, by their very make-up, known to belong to New England. For lack of story books in those days, my mother used to entertain me by repeating childish poems and odd rhymes while she was busy sewing. Many of these I committed to memory before I was eight years old. I remember being very much impressed with these lines:

" 'O, poor man, O, poor man, come, tell unto me,
How you support your wife and your large family;
How you support your family when they are all so
small,

With nothing but your labor to maintain them all?'

" 'Tis by hedging and by ditching I daily do pursue;

Nothing comes amiss to me, the harrow nor the plough;

And I maintain them all by the sweat of my brow.'

"These lines are evidently incomplete, but are all I ever heard.

"These, also, on church going, I learned at that early age:

" 'Some go to church just for a walk;
Some go there to laugh and talk;
Some go there for recreation
Some go there for speculation;
Some go to learn the parson's name;
Others go there to wound his fame;

Some go there to doze and nod;
But few go there to worship God.'

"About five years ago, I saw these lines in print, and wondered from whose treasure-trove they had strayed. I wish we could know their authorship. But, my

dear, there is the bell ringing us in to tea. So no more this time.

"I'm going to tell papa," says Kathleen, "that we've struck a regular mine."

MARIA BARRETT BUTLER.

[*To be Continued.*]

FROGS.

Strange as it may seem, frogs bear another name when they are young, for they are then called tadpoles, and are as different in their appearance as in name, for

tadpoles have no legs, and the body tapers to a point, which forms a tail. When they grow older they have four legs, the hind legs being much longer than the fore legs, and four toes on the fore feet, five on the hind feet.

When the frog is changing from one state to the other, the hind legs first begin to grow, then the fore legs appear and the tail is lost.

The tadpole lives in the water, the frog, while loving to live near the water, visits it only occasionally, but makes his home on the shady, moist banks of ponds or streams. The males have on either side of their necks a membrane which becomes inflated with air when they croak, and while the voice of the male is powerful, that of the female is comparatively weak. It is amusing to hear, in the warm summer nights, the different notes and sounds which these queer creatures can produce, from a low, deep croak, given only occasionally, to the high, uninterrupted song of many



voices blended together, until, if heard from a distance, it sounds like the ringing of silver sleigh bells. The power of voice varies greatly in the different varieties of frogs. The great bullfrog, of America, has a wonderfully powerful voice, while that of the blacksmith frog, of South America, is like a hammer striking against some metallic substance. Still another frog is called the sugar-miller, because it produces a sound like the grating of a sugar mill,

There are many kinds of frogs, some of which are used for food, and considered a great delicacy. Nets are often used for catching them, and a lad who was fond of frog hunting had once a peculiar experience, which, he said, put a stop to his ever

again indulging in the sport. The lad caught a very fine frog, and was putting an end to its existence, when the strange creature crossed its legs on its breast and looked up in his face with its great eyes, for frogs are said to have beautiful eyes, in such a beseeching manner as to cause the greatest pity in his heart. He then declared that he would never catch or

kill another, for it seemed to him like a human being pleading for life.

One species, called the grunting frog of the West Indies, is very large, and the flesh white and delicate. It is at least eight inches long, and its power of leaping is wonderful, for it is said to be capable of leaping a distance of five feet.

M. E. B.

SWEET PEAS.

Once within my garden wall,
From their daily flight
Rested a flock of Butterflies,
All in pink and white.

Why they chose my garden plot
I shall never know—
But people call them now Sweet Peas,
And really think they grow.

MILDRED HOWELLS, in *St. Nicholas*.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Our thanks are hereby tendered to the Fruit-Growers' Association of Ontario, for their twentieth annual report.

Also, to the Entomological Society of Ontario for their nineteenth annual report.

Also, to Experiment Stations at the Maine State College of Agriculture; Cornell University; Pennsylvania State College; at Corvallis, Oregon; Iowa Agricultural College; Rhode Island State Agricultural School; at Raleigh, N. C.; Reno, Nevada; Amherst, Massachusetts; Burlington, Vermont; Columbus, Ohio; University of Minnesota; New Hampshire College of Agriculture; University of Illinois, Champaign, Illinois, for various Station Reports.

We have received Bulletin No. 2, which is a report of Wisconsin's Farmers' Institutes held in 1888. A fine volume of nearly 300 pages. Much credit is due the Superintendent, W. H. Morrison, for this fine report.

We have received from the Agricultural Department, at Washington, No. 1 of volume 2, of *Insect Life*; also, a comprehensive report in regard to the English sparrow in this country, and other reports, for all of which Secretary Rusk, and all others interested, have our thanks.

"INSECT LIFE."

The June number of *Insect Life* was the twelfth issue, and the concluding number of the first volume. This excellent "Periodical Bulletin," sent out by the Division of Entomology, under the Department of Agriculture, and the supervision of Professor C. V. Riley, is destined to be of great service to the cultivators of all kinds of vegetation, as it is thoroughly practical, and notes the depredations of insects in all parts of the country, and gives reliable advice in regard to destroying or combatting them. This last number contains a "Table of Contents," "Index to Illustrations," "Personal and Authors' Index," a very complete "General Index," and besides these a "Plant Index," by which any plant can be referred to that is mentioned in the text in connection with insects. Thus the volume will be highly valuable for reference.

VARIOUS STATE FAIRS.

The Illinois State Fair will be held at Peoria, September 23d to 27th.

The Inter-State Fair of Illinois is to be at Springfield, from September 10th to 13th.

Indiana State Fair at Indianapolis, September 23d to 28th.

Michigan Fair is to be at Lansing, from September 9th to 13th.

New Jersey State Fair at Trenton, from September 30th to October 4th.

Ohio State Fair at Columbus, from September 2d to 6th.

Ohio Tri-State Fair at Toledo, from September 9th to 13th.

Wisconsin State Fair at Milwaukee, from September 16th to 20th.

WORLD'S EXPOSITION OF 1892.

Before another month is passed it is probable that most of the details of arrangement will be decided upon for the great World's Exposition, to be held in New York, to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. There will be nearly three years to prepare for this exhibition, and it is needless to say that there is an opportunity to make it the most complete and most gigantic of any undertaking of the kind, as it undoubtedly will be.

NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

As noticed last month, the fair of the New York State Agricultural Society will be held at Albany, the present month, September 12th to 19th, and the prospect is a magnificent show. All should attend it who can, for there will be many things worth seeing. The entries are large in all departments. The exhibits of live stock will be very numerous; farm and garden products will be particularly fine.

INTER-STATE FAIR.

Southern New York and Northern Pennsylvania unite, this year, in a great fair, to be held in Elmira, N. Y., to open on the 17th, and close on the 27th of September.